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"A THING of beauty is a joy forever :
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarken'd ways
 Made for our searching ; yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms ;
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read ;
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast.
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They always must be with us, or we die."

KEATS.

THE NEW PATH will be issued monthly. The Subscription price will be one dollar a year, subscriptions will be received by any of the members or by the editor. Single copies are ten cents and can be had of members or at the rooms of the Association, 32 Waverly Place, New York.

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